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Never before did we feel so sensibly the terribleness of war. We removed from the place, and continued conversation with others. Never shall we forget how earnestly some who were leaving families behind, requested their friends to visit them. Some who were church members, made this special request of their pastor. These pious soldiers appeared to feel as uncomfortable with their uniform on as did General Fessenden, who, when attired in his military dress, was asked by a peaceful quaker if he had got his christian armor on.

How well it would be, if every one before going to war would count the cost!

Portsmouth, Jan. 1846.

MORAL HEROISM:—ANIMAL COURAGE.

A DIALOGUE.

BY S. E. COUES.

Alonzo. Almost every man can fight. Courage on the field of battle is the common, the usual element of character. Collect an army of an hundred thousand men;—take all who come;—empty the prisons; set up the recruiting flag in the low taverns and tippling houses; fill up the ranks with the most ignorant, depraved, stupid of the population, and you will find scarcely one who cannot stand fire, after due drilling. “A coward either as an officer or man, I have rarely seen,” said a well known general. It is so; and this is nothing for human nature to boast of. Many animals, the game-cock and bull-dog for instance, will fight to the very death, disregarding the most agonizing wounds. No animal, the man or the bull-dog, thinks of pain or of danger, when the blood is up. Strange that we should do reverence to an element of character, common to the brute as well as to man!

Alfred. You mistake, you mistake. Animals fight only when the blood is up, but in war, how often does the true military hero stand in the battle, calm, cool and resolved; his pulse beats temperately; his mind is composed, though he stands before almost certain death. Is not this a high and holy trait? does it not shew a noble and elevated character? Is not such a man worthy of respect?

Alonzo. Can you not call to mind instances of the very worst of men,—highway robbers, murderers, assassins,—going composedly to certain death, the death of the gallows? To meet death with firmness is too common to merit any great respect.

Alfred. But the murderer who goes composedly to the gallows manifests callousness of feeling, not bravery.

Alonzo. It is the same in both cases. Some absorbing thought triumphs over the fear of death. "To die game," is in different phrase the motive. Men love reputation better than life. Think of the duelist!

Alfred. Who call you then the brave man?

Alonzo. He who can carry out into action the highest principle of our nature — *love* — whatever be the result to himself. He who fears neither calumny nor reproach. He who is true to his convictions of right, ever and always, come what will!

Alfred. And does not the military hero often manifest this heroism of soul?

Alonzo. I do not say that true heroism is never manifested in battle; but how many of the military would fight if there was neither reputation nor wealth to be gained by it? Is not reputation among men, or glory, the great, the acknowledged motive of the soldier? Make the profession as disgraceful as the hang-man's, and would you have many military heroes?

Alfred. I am sorry to hear you compare our gallant officers to hang-men!

Alonzo. What is the difference? Do not both kill for the *good* of their country. Because it is their *duty*? Let no more reputation attach to the soldier than to the executioner, and war is at end.

THE ANGEL SONG OF PEACE.

The silvery moon her light was streaming
O'er Bethlehem's towers and fanes,
And the shining stars of Heaven were beaming
O'er Judea's grassy plains.

Where shepherds, while their flocks they tended,
Their hearts to God upraise;—
In songs, whose sweet accordant blended
Devotion, love and praise.

But suddenly, a sweeter strain
Comes from the far off skies,
And anon, the sound is heard again,
And anon, its echo dies.

"Peace! Peace! Peace on earth,"—
Was the song of the seraphim,
And the anthem too proclaimed the birth
And sang the praise of Him,